Numb. 78.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Anguſtam, amici, Pauperiem Pati
Robuſtus acri Militia puer
Condiſcat : Horace.

From Monday January 2, to Wedneſday January 4, 1710.

Lucinda's Day.

From my CLOSET.

I Confeſs that I am highly pleaſed with my Uncle's Letter, whoever has a true Notion of Honour muſt feel an uncommon Satisfaction in being Deſcended of Glorious Anceſtors. Could any thing have more illuſtrated the Greatneſs of his Mind, than the Noble Conſtruction he puts upon ſo conſiderable a Loſs, and the Steadineſs of his Fortitude with which he bears it? Whatever Sieges and whatever Battles are crown'd with Victory, and redound to the Honour and Advantage of a whole Nation, ought always to be welcome to a true Lover of his Country, without the leaſt deduction of Joy for private Loſſes; but tho' this is the unqueſtionable Duty of Princes as well as Subjects, yet in moſt People of what Ranks or Conditions ſoever, the Affliction for the Death of a Father, a Son, a Brother, nay a Friend, or particular Acquaintance, commonly out-weighs the Joy which indiſpenſably they ought to ſhew for the Profit and Glory that accrues to the Publick. How many Thouſands have we not who would think themſelves highly injur'd, if their Affection and Zeal for the Common Welfare ſhould be queſtion'd, that yet would not be aſhamed to wiſh even in Succeſſes of the higheſt Importance to the Nation, that the Enterprize never had been undertaken, rather than that their beloved Companions or dear Relations ſhould have periſh'd in the Execution. If we ſhould ſearch all *England* over, we ſhould find but few People of my Uncle's Eſtate that could bear the Death of two ſuch promiſing Sons, with ſo much Gallantry of Patience and Heroick Firmneſs of Mind, and hardly any that after that would likewiſe endeavour with ſo much eargerneſs to Conſecrate to their Country's Service the Third, and only One that was left 'em, as himſelf.

My Siſter *Arteſia* is not of my Opinion, ſhe thinks that the Letter deſtroys his Character, that he appears too Cruel and Inſenſible to be call'd good natur'd, and ſays that in the Poſtſcript he has entirely forfeited his Integrity, or elſe that he would not ſuffer his Son to be notoriouſly Vicious, rather than not have him expoſed to the Danger and Fatigues of the War. As to the latter I won't excuſe him, and don't intend to comply with his Requeſt; for I ſhall never commend any Path of Honour, longer than it keeps even with that of Virtue: But I think it is ſo far from deſtroying that it heightens his Character; a Man muſt have an uncommon value for Honour, that rather than to ſee his only Son lead an eaſy and unactive Life in ſafety at Home, would allow him what no prudent Parent would ſuffer in a Child, ſo he would but venture himſelf Abroad in queſt of Glory: Beſides that my Uncle might be of an unſhaken Integrity, and not altogether Innocent and free from Vice; neither it is a wonder, that a Man who had ſuch a Veneration for Soldiers and every thing that belong'd to them, ſhould connive at and diſpence with a Fault that is ſo common among them.

My Aunt's Letter to *Arteſia*, in which the Affliction of a Mourning Parent is ſo paſſionately painted, is likewiſe very moving; her unſpeakable Grief for her Children that are gone, as well as the impatience of her Anxiety and Sollicitous Care of her Motherly Tenderneſs for him that is only left her, are admirably Conſpicuous in the Perplexity and Incoherence of her Thoughts. My Siſter is altogether on her ſide, ſhe calls my Uncle Inhuman Father, and Diſtracted Idolater of Honour; and as much as I would aſſiſt him in ſpurring on his Son *Pompey* to Feats of War and Exploits of Glory, ſo much ſhe endeavours to diſwade him from them: She tells him what Madneſs it is for a Gentleman of Fifteen Hundred a Year, to forſake the Bleſſings of a delicious Country for a fatal Camp, where there is no plenty but of Hardſhips and Blows. Can any Man of an eſtabliſh'd Fortune, ſaid ſhe to him yeſterday, that is in his right Senſes, throw himſelf voluntarily into the ſame Hazards out of Wantonneſs, to which a deſperate Malefactor is forced by way of Puniſhment? All that go there 'tis true have not the Fate to be kill'd, but you have the Example of two Brothers before you; yet we'll ſuppoſe your ſafe Return, what Benefit ſhall you reap from your Labour when you come back? Say, that you ſhall have the Honour of having been there; if that Vanity invites you, do but rightly conſider the Solidity of a Happineſs, of which Fifty or Threeſcore Thouſand Poor Fellows ſhall have as much Reaſon to boaſt of as you, and notwithſtanding be diſpiſed by all the World, and counted Miſerable Wretches as long as they live. This is the Doctrine ſhe Preaches to him: *Pompey*, as moſt Young People do, loves Plays, Romances, and all manner of eaſy Poetry; *Arteſia*, to gain her Cozen, has made ſome Doggril Verſes in Ridicule of Honour, which have pleaſed him highly, and becauſe ſhe deſires it ſhall be inſerted here. The Title is *Grinning Honour*, and the Words are theſe.

Far from the throng'd Luxurious Town,
Lives an Inchantreſs of Renown,
Call'd HONOUR, *who by ſecret Charms,*
Pulls Swains from yielding Virgin's Arms:

For,

For Her the Husband leaves his Wife,
Dispises Pleasure, Health and Life:
For Her the Trojan *Refugee,*
Forgot the Cave and went to Sea;
By Her the Daughter of the Sun,
Ensnaring Circe *was out-done:*
From whose bright Looks by Arts unknown,
She drew Ulysses *to her own.*
The silly Sweethearts she bewitches,
Admire the Rods for their own Breaches;
Many (is't not a Thousand Pities,
A Lover's Brain so void of Wit is?
Their Limbs shot off imagine Charms,
Where Sleeves hang dandling without Arms:
Others, t' a Leg of Flesh and Bone,
Prefer a sorry Wooden One:
Some lose an Eye, and say it's no matter,
A Plaister on the Hole looks better.
In Bloody Fields she Sits as Gay
As other Ladies at a Play;
Whilst the Wild Sparks on which she Doats,
Are cutting one another's Throats;
And when these Wild Folks for their Sins,
Have all the Bones broke in their Skins,
Of her Esteem the only Token,
Is t' have Certificates *they're broken;*
Which in grave Lines are cut on Stone,
And in some Church or Chappel shewn,
To People that neglecting Pray'r,
Have time to mind who's bury'd there;
Till some half witted Fellow comes
To Copy what is Writ on Tombs,
And then to their Immortal Glory,
Forsooth, they're said to live in Story;
A Recompence, which to a wonder,
Must please a Man that's cut asunder!

'Tis strange, that any other Woman,
By Supercilious Men's call'd Common,
Whose Generous Love's of that extent,
As to 'ore spread a Regiment:
Whilst in this Sore'ness it's no Crime,
To love whole Armies at a time:
But then, they say, the ill-natur'd Jade,
For all her Sparks, is still a Maid;
Because none e'er lay in her Bed,
Unless they first were knock'd o' th' Head.

Nothing, you see, is so good, just or profitable, but some body or other may Ridicule it: I told my Cozen *Pompey*, that I liked the Humour of the Verses as well as himself, if with me he would agree, that they were no manner of Evidence against the real worth of Honour. *Artesia* lays a great Stress upon them. I would advise *Pompey* to go for *Flanders*, whilst she is perswading him to stay here, and we never differ'd more in any thing in our Lives; but to decide the Quarrel we have resolved to chuse two Arbitrators. I have made Choice of Collonel *Worthy*, who is a nice Judge of Honour, and *Artesia*'s Champion is the *Oxford* Gentleman, who makes a Jest of all the World, and calls every thing Vanity that others count most valuable. What they say of the Matter you shall know hereafter.

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